


Colonnade

Contest 1964





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Colonnade

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From the Editor:

Each spring the *Colonnade* sponsors a literary contest for the purpose of recognizing and rewarding students of outstanding writing talent. The winning entries in the three categories of essay, poetry, and short story are published in this final contest issue of the magazine. We wish to extend our thanks to every contributor, for without them such a fine contest would never have been possible. It is also our hope that these students will continue submitting material to the staff for consideration in subsequent issues of the *Colonnade*.

Prizes of first, second, and third were awarded in the short story division of the contest. In the essay and poetry categories the judges decided to make only second and third place awards. Our congratulations to the winners who have indeed done a commendable job.

The panel of judges selected by the staff included Mr. and Mrs. David W. Wiley, Mr. Charles E. Butler, and student judge, Mrs. Margaret W. Irby. Using the highest literary merit as their standards, these four judges have done much to further the acceptance of only the best student work for publication in the *Colonnade*. For their help and cooperation in executing the contest, we of the *Colonnade* staff are grateful.

As Editor for the coming year, 1964-65, I consider it my duty to reaffirm the policy of previous *Colonnades*, which is that of accepting any suggestions for improvement or criticisms of the publication. Because this is a student magazine, we welcome not only suggestions for betterment, but also any stories, essays, or poems which the individual student considers worthy of publication. If we feel an article is unacceptable for publishing in its present form, the editors will try to suggest revisions or alterations and continue encouraging the student to submit material. We on the staff are looking forward to another exciting (and successful!) year for the *Colonnade*. And your help is welcomed.

—D. L. W.

Colonnade Sketches

In this issue of the *Colonnade* we would like to salute two of our student writers, Elizabeth Hodnett and Michael Forbes. Betty, author of the third place essay, and Michael, composer of the first prize in the short story division, are both Literary Board members for the coming year's *Colonnade* staff.

Reading has provided an invaluable stimulus to each of them in developing and directing their creative talents. Nonetheless, the amount of time required of normal studies has somewhat hindered their writing for pleasure. As Betty so ably expresses it: "I was a bookworm before I came here and now I have to be."

Betty, a rising senior, is majoring in English here at Longwood. While there has been little time for writing during her college days, Betty has written much in the past for her own enjoyment. Victorian novels have always been a source of fascination for Betty, who says that a relative of hers had an enormous library whose contents she devoured as a youngster. "I guess I picked up the habit of long sentences from them," was Betty's comment on the probable influence of Victorian literature on her writing.

Michael, who is a sophomore majoring in biology, has done a considerable amount of writing, some under the auspices of Mr. White in Creative Writing. A frequent contributor to the *Colonnade*, Michael's work has appeared in past issues under such interesting titles as: "Lovely Women Are Not to Be Trusted", "The Man Who Was Immortal", and "The Search For the Innocuous Man."

Most of his stories are informally constructed by employing a relaxed, colloquial tone; yet throughout his basic plot stream subtle undertones of satire. Michael considers himself at his best in this mode of expression. According to him, the amateur writer should "find a style that [he] likes and set [his] upon that as a model."

Even though he believes the audience should be considered while writing, the author's first duty is to himself. As Michael expresses it: "I write to please myself."

When commenting generally on his writing, Michael mentioned that many of his stories contain a cloaked pessimistic viewpoint, which he feels, borders on cynicism. "After all", he says, "a twisted laugh is better than none at all."

—Joan Emerson



EARLY AUTUMN HUNT

By Rebecca Evans

MY father took the worn cowhorn from its peg on the pantry door, slipped its dark leather cord about his neck, slung the horn back over his shoulder, and beckoned for me to follow. I grabbed my jacket from the back of one of the kitchen chairs and hurried after him out into the cool darkness of an early autumn night. I tried in vain to match his long strides across the backyard toward the dog pen where our pack of foxhounds waited restlessly. I could hear them whinnying and scratching within the wire enclosure long before Daddy switched on the long flashlight that sent beams of white light into the pale moonlit night revealing in brilliant detail the chickenwire pen with its rough, wooden door. At our approach, old Belle, the lead dog of the pack, leaped up with her forepaws against the wire, threw

EARLY AUTUMN HUNT

back her black and gold head, pointed her long snout at the sky, closed her eyes and let out the most mournful howl that ever started fox from lair. The other dogs were quick to take up the call, and before Daddy could unlatch the gate of the pen, the whole pack of them was leaping against the wire, howling, scratching at the black dirt at the sides of the pen, and trying to climb up the wire sides. They sensed that this was to be the night of the hunt. I knew how they felt, anxious, eager, restless. They knew as well as I that tonight they would be running, hunting, trailing, baying, swimming, and running again, doing the things they had been bred to do. They would be doing what their ancestors had done since as far back as man and hound had hunted together.

Daddy swung the rough old gate back on its leather hinges and the whole pack was out as one beast. Daddy let them run around for a while, get loosened up, shake and scratch as they pleased.

By the faint light of the new moon low in the east I was able to witness old Belle's traditional ritual. She stood perfectly still, every muscle tense, her legs braced against the dark, loamy earth. Completely unmindful of the dashing and rushing of the other dogs, she stood that way with her head tilted back slightly and her long, black ears hanging loosely in the breeze. She held that pose for several minutes until it seemed that her calmness spread to the other dogs. Jupe and Sal, old Belle's pups from her second litter were the first to settle down, and soon the rest of the pack followed suit. Belle ruled the pack inside the pen and they seemed to look up to her even now, but once in the heat of the chase they knew it would be every dog for himself.

My uncle Ben drove his pickup truck around to the back of the house and jumped out to lower the tailgate. The back of the truck where we usually packed bags of corn or sticks of tobacco when we took it to market had been built up with rough board sidings with the bark still on to form a crude sort of pen for the dogs.

The tailgate came down with a clang, and as if it had been a signal one of the hounds threw back his head and bayed deeply. Before the howl had died away across the fields, Daddy placed the old cowhorn to his lips and blew. The sound of horn and hound echoed far away in the dark woods on the ridge.

In my mind's eye I saw in the darkness of the woods two delicately pointed ears stand erect and a slender muzzle lift and point in the direction from which the sounds of dog and man had come. Two bright yellow-brown eyes shown in the dimness of the night and a coal-black nose twitched for a moment, gathering in the scents of earth and air:

(continued on next page)

EARLY AUTUMN HUNT (continued from page 7)

damp pine needles, decaying logs, molding leaves. Two forepaws, recently busily engaged in digging the grubs out of a fallen, rotting log, were still; one was slightly uplifted above the damp earth, the other rested on the soft bark of the decaying log. The fox stood there for a moment, then turned and trotted noiselessly over the sloping ground, up over the ridge, out of the darkness of the woods into the silver moonlight of the fields. He paused for a moment at the edge of the field then continued on his way around the edge almost within reach of the shadows of the woods, trotting easily, working his way back toward the creek, the hills beyond, and his lair.

One by one the dogs leaped up onto the back of the truck. Those who couldn't quite make the jump for one reason or another were given a little extra help in the form of a push by Uncle Ben. We never left a dog behind in the pen unless it was hurt or too sick to go, because when it heard the running of the pack and the sound of the horn, it would tear itself to pieces against the wire fence, scratching and clawing to get out and join the hunt. Even the oldest dogs went with us because it is easier to see them drop in the chase than to watch them die of broken hearts. Yes, broken hearts. The hunt and chase is all they know, all they live for; it is what they were bred for. Take the hunt away from a hound, cage him where he cannot run in season, lock him away from the fields and woods and you will have killed him. No matter how good your intentions may seem by human standards you will have done worse than physical brutality to him by depriving him of the very reason for his existence.

Uncle Ben latched up the tailgate and climbed into the cab of the truck. Seated between Daddy and Uncle Ben, I glanced over my shoulder out of the back window of the truck at the wooden pen of whinnying, restless canine life behind us. Several of the younger dogs had their long muzzles stuck through in the spaces between the boards of the pen; their lean bodies trembled with excitement. The older dogs were visibly calmer than the younger ones, but they too were excited. This was a new experience for two of the pups, their first hunt, their trial run, but for some of the older ones this was their tenth season and still they were the best of any pack for miles around. They no longer had the strength and stamina of their youth, but they had grown cagy and wise in the ways of the hunt as the animal they hunted.

I turned my eyes back to the road in front of us and focused my sight on the point where the beams of our headlights crossed. Settling back against the damp leather of the seat, I let the excitement and eagerness I felt for the hunt, and the darkness of the night seep into me until I felt a chill slowly spread over my body. The dark soft-

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curved evergreens and the sharper-angled hardwoods blended into a single greenish-black blur as we sped along the paved road to the turn off and meeting place of the hunters.

When the truck turned off the highway onto a narrow dirt and gravel road and came to a jerking halt beneath two large twin oak trees, I noticed that ours was the third truck to arrive. Those who were there before us were walking about or standing in small groups and talking. I knew most of the men by their faces if not by their names. Most of the men I did not know were from neighboring counties and though all these men were different, different names, different occupations, different faces, they shared two things in common, hunting and hounds.

We didn't have long to wait before another truck with a pen in the back similar to ours came bumping down the road from the opposite direction from which we had come. When the truck rattled up beneath the trees the men gathered about the pens, exchanged greetings with the late comers, looked the dogs over, made a few boasts and placed a few bets on this or that dog. Daddy didn't brag much about our dogs; he didn't have to because everyone knew that Belle and her pups were more than a match for the best of any pack.

The men unlatched the pens and let the dogs out. Gathering their long legs under their lean bodies, the hounds leaped from the tailgates of the trucks to the ground and began fanning out in ever widening circles until at last a long, low howl from one of the dogs signaled to the others that the scent had been picked up. They were all off, their long legs carrying them easily over the field, through the dark woods, and out the other side. Their deep rich voices growing fainter as they ran southward following the winding creek. I ran to the top of a slight knoll and from my new vantage point the hounds appeared as mere shadows racing across the hay field in the moonlight. They were running easily with long strides; their bodies low and their noses close to the ground. As I watched them run and listened to the sounds of the chase, I could almost feel the pounding of their hearts against their ribs, see the heaving of their bony sides, and hear the dry grasses and leaves crinkle beneath their padded paws.

When the last hound passed out of sight over the top of the hill I returned to the trucks and sat on the running board of one of them beneath the tall twin oak trees. I leaned back against the smooth, cool metal of the truck door and looked upward through the branches of the trees. There were a few stars visible but the brightness of the moonlight hid many of them. Because my back was toward the east, I could not see the moon itself, but its silver light was strong enough

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EARLY AUTUMN HUNT (continued from page 9)

to reveal much of the land around in brilliant detail. I had little difficulty in picking out and recognizing even distant objects, but the light differed from that of day in the almost total absence of color; everything was clear in outline and detail but things were seen only in shades of blacks and grays. As I listened to the distant baying of the dogs I remembered something I had read once that had given my mind something to play with and puzzle over, that dogs see only in shades and not in colors. I wondered if the way the world looked to me tonight was the way it always looked to the dogs. A world of silver and black and gray. I let my mind wander over the idea as I followed the hunt by the sounds of the hounds. By listening to the dogs I could tell where they were and what was happening long after they were far from sight. Their distant cries were interrupted momentarily when they seemed to have lost the scent on the far side of the creek, but the silence was broken by a low, rich baying I knew to be Belle's as she picked up the lost scent.

The far away sound of the hunting horn on the other side of the woods sent cold chills up the back of my neck. At that moment I wondered how the sound of the horn came to the fox. I wondered how it felt to be hunted and chased through woods and over fields in the black of night. I wondered if and how the fox planned his next move, a leap over a fallen tree, a dash from one bank of a narrow creek to another, slipping under and through vines and tangled underbrush, running through fields of corn with the rush and swish of dried blades around and behind, zig-zagging between rows and over the rocky ground, trying to lose the pursuing hounds. Was the fox afraid, or did he have time for fear? Running . . . Running . . . always pursued . . . panting . . . panting . . . gasping the cool air into his swollen, burning throat; the burrs and briars catching and clinging to the fine bushy coat. Did he know what would happen to him when he could run no more, when he would turn and face the dogs with no more breath left for flight? Did he know how the hounds' teeth would rip and rend his gray coat; tear the delicately pointed ears; scar his lean, lank body; crush and splinter his slender bones between massive jaws? Did the fox know these things or was he merely playing the game of the chase, running the race with the stakes life or death? The fox was staking his life, not on his speed and endurance alone, but on his inborn craftiness and his acquired knowledge of the hunting habits of his pursuers.

The sound of the horn still farther away brought me out of my half-dream world and I realized that I had my eyes closed. Just how long I had been running with the hounds while sitting there beneath the twin oaks I did not know, but when I tried to rise from my position on the running board of the truck I was faintly surprised at the stiffness

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of my legs. With a little extra effort I was able to raise myself to a rather painful standing position and take a few stiff awkward steps to get the kinks out of my muscles and the blood circulating in my legs once more. When I bent my head back in an attempt to loosen the tightness in my neck I was surprised to find myself looking up through the partially bare branches of one of the oaks at a silver semi-disc, the moon. The moon had climbed passed its zenith in the heavens while I had sat half dreaming.

The sounds of the hunt and the running of the dogs were still faint and far away toward the south. The hounds had been running for hours, sometimes losing the scent and doubling back on the trail to pick it up again. The oldest and youngest dogs had already begun to tire and drop behind; some had returned to the trucks, tired and spent.

I walked back up onto the little knoll nearby and stood listening to the dogs. Their baying drew nearer and it seemed as if the fox had circled and was heading back toward the trucks, but then there was a shift in the direction of the sounds as the pack turned more westward. The sounds of the chase continued from that general direction for some time then there was silence and the sounds of the night crept in to fill the void left by the hushing of the hounds. They had lost the scent again and this time for good. I heard the sound of the horn, nearer

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EARLY AUTUMN HUNT (continued from page 11)

now, just over the hill, calling the hounds back toward the twin oaks and the trucks.

I waited on the hill until I saw the hounds one by one and in small groups returning to the trucks. When I walked back to the oaks, the men were already lifting the more tired, older dogs up onto the backs of the trucks and laying the spent ones on the floor. Some of the dogs had returned with paws cut and bleeding. Jupe limped sorrowfully up to the back of the truck and waited patiently for Uncle Ben's helping hand to boost him up onto the tailgate. A few of the dogs didn't come back; they would have to be picked up later when the men would return with the trucks to the same spot and blow the horns. Now they probably lay panting in the woods or beside a stream, or were stretched in the cool dirt of a field too weary and weak to answer the call of the horn. When they had rested they would return to the place where the trucks were parked and wait patiently for the return of the men and trucks. No doubt some of them would find their way home across the fields.

Both men and dogs were tired as we loaded the trucks and started home, but neither of them was disappointed, for it is not the kill but the hunt that is both satisfying and exciting to hound and man.

I couldn't help thinking about the fox as our truck turned onto the highway and I stole a glance toward the west from where the last sounds of the chase had come. The moon had reached the western half of the sky and hung there seemingly balanced on the top of the tallest tree on the hill. I had a momentary picture of the fox as he might lay panting in his lair, his ears drawn back against the sides of his head, his tongue lolling from his partially opened mouth. He had won this race and claimed his stake . . . his life. His yellow brown eyes shone with a kind of cagy pride. He would venture soon from his lair again and trot within the shadows of the trees along the edge of the field across the creek.

I saw old Belle at the very back of the truck with her nose pushed out between the two planks of the pen . . . she too was looking back toward the west . . . already she seemed to be making her plans for the next race.

I had been around hounds all of my life, and I knew from talk of the men and from what I had witnessed of the hounds themselves that a hound is still a wild creature, bred for the purpose of hunting and killing. A child is safe with one of them, but deep inside there is still the heart and instincts and brain of the first killer dog on earth, that killed for food, for self-preservation. Now old Belle and Jude and Sal

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GOBSECK IN GREAT EXPECTATIONS

By Elizabeth Hodnett

WHEN Charles Dickens began writing *Great Expectations* in 1840, Honoré de Balzac had been dead for ten years; therefore, it is possible to assume that the widely read Dickens was familiar with the well-known Balzac's *The Human Comedy* of which *Gobseck* is a representative part.¹ The basic theme of *Great Expectations* (values) is related to that of *Gobseck* (money, gold, and power); and tracing the personality and characteristics of Gobseck, who believes in the doctrine of the all-powerful Gold, through several of the characters in *Great Expectations*, who are concerned with living Gobseck's theory, gives evidence that Dickens was not only familiar with Gobseck's writing but also influenced by it.

Dickens' lawyer Jaggers resembles Gobseck more than the other characters from his descriptive name to his business-like behavior. Jaggers is a sharp and pointed sounding name as the lawyer is a sharp and to-the-point person; Gobseck is a pun on the French *gober*, to gulp down, and *sec*, lean or dry,² which aptly describe the lean old miserly usurer. The two do not look alike, yet Jaggers' large, dark-complexioned person suits him just as well as Gobseck's thin, pale-complexioned person suits him. Neither of the two ever smiles; instead, Jaggers creaks his boots and Gobseck "... exhales a vapor of gaiety ..."³ when ordinary people would give way to more ordinary means of expression. They live isolated lives in old, dark houses with only an old housekeeper and an occasional visit from a chosen acquaintance for human companionship. Each has a younger man as a close associate, but neither is very involved in friendship as is befitting their detached lives. Out of necessity to their respective occupations, Gobseck and Jaggers deal with that part of the public which is down on its luck. Gobseck keeps a watch "... on eldest sons, on artists, men of fashion, gamblers ...,"⁴ in short, on anyone who needs money and has no credit. Jaggers deals with those in need of a good criminal lawyer. As a result, both men are in a position to command a great deal of respect without inspiring any love from the people who come to them. The harsh, businesslike treatment of client, or victim, by Gobseck can be seen in the transactions between Gobseck and Monsieur de Trailles and Madame de Restaud. Gobseck quickly brings them to his terms and then catches Monsieur de Trailles in his own trap without batting an eye. Several times Jaggers can be seen coldly cutting his clients down to nothing as he does the whimper-

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ing women who are worried about their Bill and the unfortunate Mike who is sent away for displaying his feelings. Their constant dealings with humanity in this manner serve to emphasize the fact that they are humans who exist among humanity, yet apart from it.

As well-to-do businessmen, they rarely handle any money. Gobseck will not even claim the double napoleon that he drops on the stairs and handles all transactions through the banks. Jaggers has Wemmick do this job for him, and the first we ever hear of the clerk is a reference to his position as holder of the purse strings. This seems somewhat unusual for those who are so careful about money unless it is seen as a part of a hard, cold front put up by two apparently self-made men.

There is one particular part of each story of Gobseck and Jaggers which further shows a resemblance in treatment by the authors. In *Gobseck*, we see the usurer as a perfectly orderly man who never changes his inhuman appearance of being made of gold except once to the young Derville, and then he reveals himself as a man who has finished with the dreams of youth but has a happy inner existence that his associates do not see. Jaggers, too, is revealed just once to Pip in a brief moment when he says that it has been a long time since he dreamed the dreams of youth and intimates that he does have an inner life quite apart from his hard outer shell. This is perhaps the most noticeable influence that Gobseck's story has on Jaggers' story.

The second person in whom part of Gobseck appears is Miss Havisham. Her detachment from her relatives, while not as complete, is like Gobseck's detachment from his. Especially in the case of Matthew Pocket is this true because her detachment from him is complete although he is remembered in her will. Both of these people are hard-hearted in the eyes of their world because of their relationships to society, but both display a touch of softness for a younger friend. Miss Havisham's secret gift to Herbert through Pip is just as much a show of kindness on her part as Gobseck's lending a sum at a very low rate for a usurer to Derville is on his part. Besides these two similar facets of personality is a third and more noticeable one. Both of these unusual people destroy some of their most valued possessions with extreme selfishness. When Derville looks through the great, closed-up house after the death of Gobseck, he finds an enormous quantity of once valuable merchandise completely ruined because the half-crazed old miser would not part with anything at a price which did not suit him. When Miss Havisham boarded up her mansion and closed down the brewery as if time had stopped because she did not achieve her desired marriage, she, too, destroyed valuable property and an excellent means of increasing her fortune. Dickens even lets her go so far as to destroy her own

GOBSECK IN GREAT EXPECTATIONS

mind. Gobseck's senile selfishness is well translated into an entirely different situation in Miss Havisham's characterization.

The character Wemmick from Dicken's novel is known for two things which are also a part of Gobseck: portable property and a pleasant private life. "Possession is nine-tenths of the law,"¹ says Gobseck as he takes the questionably owned diamonds into his possession, and this is essentially behind Wemmick's obtaining anything of value from the criminals that he knows before their property is confiscated. Wemmick, like his employer Jaggers and his predecessor Gobseck, also has a private life apart from his business. An Aged Parent and a curious house are more tangible evidences of this other life than Gobseck's and Jagger's thoughts and dreams, but they still serve to show that the son and owner is a human being instead of a machine.

Finally, Gobseck can be found in old Magwitch, the exiled convict, whose desire and determination to see his *protégé* Pip is similar to Gobseck's desire and determination to see each of his clients to the extent that he will collect only from them personally. The suggestion of a rather rough past for the self-made Gobseck is repeated in the summary of the self-improved Magwitch's part, for both men had been turned out in the world at tender ages and left to fend for themselves.

In turning Gobseck, the man of gold, into four different characters who believed in the power of gold, Dickens developed a lasting monument to Balzac's literary creativeness. For although both men have a tendency to create types instead of personalities in their writings, Dickens' use of this one character proves him to be at least a universal type if not more.

FOOTNOTES

¹Rene Wellek, *The Continental Edition of World Masterpieces*, (New York, W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., 1956), p. 1425.

²*Ibid.*, p. 1451.

³Honore de Balzac, *Gobseck*, in *The Continental Edition of World Masterpieces*, ed. by Maynard Mack, *et. al.* (New York, W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., 1956), p. 1450.

⁴*Ibid.*, p. 1460.

⁵*Ibid.*, p. 1472.



To Kierkegaard

Is there,
There where the never-be-dwells,
In false hope of a conjugate,
Where endless space intervals
Draw fizzling impulses to a crescendo,
Down strained and bloody nights,
Where dreams and clashing realities
Are all low in light,
Small in when,
Where tear-pillows absorb,
Then evaporate?

The last,
Indecision,
All is not well,
All is to float,
Where fathom-hate
In ocean life holds,
Sinking no more,
But venturing out,
With sinews free to live,
Where all is grave to commitment,
When, from the unknown light wave he heard:
"This day you will live,
For this day you will die."

—Gayle Ray

Insignificance

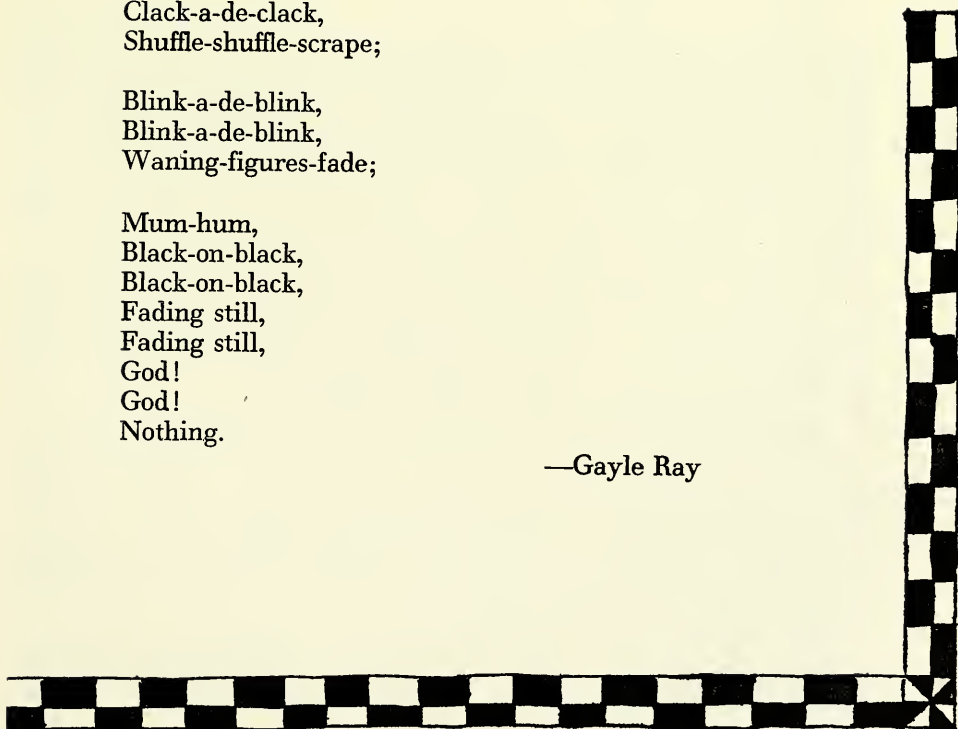
The jerky rhythm of the clattering voices,
Bouncing thud against the air,
And waving off in quivering acoustics,
There,
There in the auditorium,
Huge volume,
Filling,
With ghost-face turned to ghost-face,
Opening mouth to make larynx sound,
Silly sound,
With shuffling and scraping of feet on concrete floor,
Filling, filling,
The neopolitan nothing,
Growing, growing,
Huge,
Sound, all around, sound;

Clack-a-de-clack,
Clack-a-de-clack,
Shuffle-shuffle-scrape;

Blink-a-de-blink,
Blink-a-de-blink,
Waning-figures-fade;

Mum-hum,
Black-on-black,
Black-on-black,
Fading still,
Fading still,
God!
God!
Nothing.

—Gayle Ray



THE PASSENGER

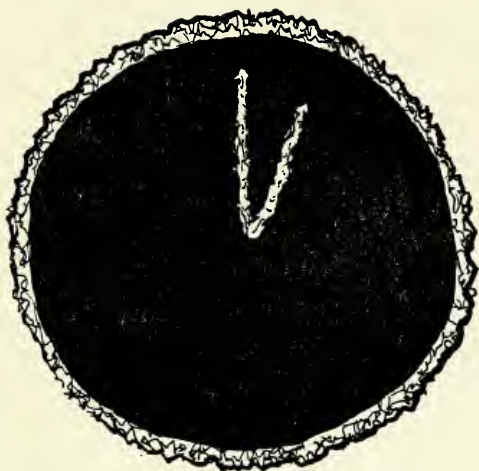
By Judy Woodyard

THE minute hand kept jumping jerkily from black dot to black dot and the hour hand moved somehow imperceptibly the shorter distance between the numerals. Perhaps they both would stop in their tireless plodding from beginning to end, beginning to end (or is it from beginning to beginning or maybe from end to end?) and if we all kept setting our watches back to match the stand-still hour — — —. No, that's insane; someone would notice the clock stopped and say: "Joe, the clock has stopped," and Joe would get a ladder and set it running again. These old-fashioned clocks are liable to fault anyway and probably somebody's sole job is just to keep an eye on it to see that it doesn't run down. A lot of people would have a lot of trouble if it stopped; these hurriers, the transient, busy hurriers would all miss their trains. None of them would be as content to go back to before. Even if the jerky black hand didn't prod as it does none of them would ever think of going back. (Maybe a few would.)

I noticed the man at the counter: the young one wearing the green socks. The way he stands with his brief case on the floor between the bottom of the counter and his leg shows that he has been in a crowded place like this before. He must belong to the "society of commuters"; there are a lot like him around here. It's a wonder they don't all know each other, traveling back and forth on the train like that every day. Maybe they take different trains; that could be it. Then too, maybe they do all ride the same train and there aren't enough seats every day and they have all had an argument over who gets to sit and who has to stand up. I wouldn't mind having to stand up if I knew that it was just a short ride to where I was going, a few hours work, and then I could come back. I wouldn't mind standing up at all if I knew where I was going like that and that I was coming back.

He didn't buy the magazine he was reading; he just put it back on the shelf and hurried over to the track door. That way he gets to read a lot of magazines and doesn't have to pay for them. I hoped he didn't have to argue to get to sit down on the train. People argue too much. There will probably be enough seats; a big railroad company like this one should be able to see to that. It looks like they'll be obligated to do that much for their passengers.

My gaze returned to the clock with its slightly tarnished brass plating. The Roman numerals on the face stood stiff and straight in ordered symmetry around it. I liked it much better than these modern



nickel plated things, huge and flagrant, that hang in most public places today. Even if this one did continue the ceaseless, jerky prodding, at least it didn't magnify the quarter hours and half hours with cutting chimes or heavy, crushing bells. The remainder of the hour would pass in silence and I need only be reminded by my visual sense. There is something ludicrous about having to listen to the time passing—it's unnatural.

The young woman sitting on her suitcase keeps pushing up her coat sleeve to look at her watch. She isn't aware of the clock on the wall or much else around her, though her eyes shift nervously from place to place and person to person. There are only forty minutes left in the hour and that suitcase will be uncomfortable for so long. But maybe her train leaves on the half hour and maybe she doesn't want to sit on the benches with the rest of us. One so young and pretty has to be careful in crowds if she must travel alone. It's a shame there isn't someone with her.

She is very nervous and afraid and hasn't smiled since she came into the station. It's obvious that she has had an argument with someone; that she is running away. Perhaps her friend will come before the train leaves and extend a hand to her and say: "I'm sorry I have hurt you. Please come back with me." And she will smile and they will leave together. It would do the railroad out a fare and there would

(continued on next page)

THE PASSENGER (continued from page 19)

be an empty seat, but I hoped it would happen. After all, the passengers aren't obligated to take the trains; they only run for convenience and if it isn't convenient for a person to take one then he shouldn't have to.

The clock in the living room when I was little had Roman numerals on it too. How I used to pray for the hands to hurry around the face when I was practicing my lessons or waiting for a special hour. Not like it is now; the hands used to drag purposely. "A watched pot never boils," my mother told me. That wasn't true, and sometimes you are compelled to watch anyway. Even if there is nothing to be done about it, you must watch and wait. Still, how quickly for all the watching the time slipped by unnoticed, and looking back it is strangely all clearer than when we were standing face to face with the moment. But, that is how people are. The woman with the child by the hand won't think to look down to see her offspring shedding childhood with every jerk of the black hand. But some year in the future she will look back and remember even the scuff marks on the floor beneath her feet and say: "How young my child was then and how foolish I was."

She is leaving her husband. With all the sadness in her eyes she is still going because the outrage was unspeakable and through the passage of time they have lost the first quick understanding that comes with the meeting of eyes. She doesn't seem to be looking at anyone now, not even her child. But the child will pull at her after a while, like all children do and her awareness will come into focus again.

The "watched pot" was boiling and the hour approached. Without looking at the clock I could feel the minutes rushing past. There were twenty at most left now, and I felt the people were moving faster around me. They have all quickened their paces as if they were attached by invisible threads to the hand of the clock, which has somehow shortened the time between jerks. "The piper calls the tune." Soon they will all be moving like the characters in the old silent movie reels and the clock will burst open flinging the too tight springs and broken parts out like a jack-in-the-box. But, the trains would still be running; an insignificant thing like the demise of an old clock would not affect them much.

The trains that ran near our house were hardly ever late, even then. I used to watch the clock everyday for the time when the early evening special would come by coughing smoke and cinders and wailing the long plaintive cry that only a train can. The ties hopped up and down to the tune of the rolling wheels and the caboose growing smaller in the twilight always evoked longing, imaginative wonderings, on the glamour and mystery of where it was going and about the passengers on it.

THE PASSENGER

Where are they now? I am here and they are all somewhere else and one day we were all in the same place at the same time, for a moment not more than fifty feet apart. Just like these people in the station today. We are all here together and tomorrow we will all be in different places. If one of them here got on the same train I did and rode to the same place and we talked along the way, the journey would be much more pleasant.

I remember other trips with talking and laughter and singing, and how we waved out the windows at the people standing near the tracks at the crossings. (I was a rider at last). We were so superior, the chosen passengers riding along smoking and leaning on one another in good fellowship. Not one of us realized that we were about as far apart as human beings would ever be. I can't even remember their names now. No, there was an Adams boy, or was that his first name? He had bright red hair, that's why I remember him: Adam-of-the-Red-Hair. I never knew him really, so I can't remember him well.

Then there were the times that there were only two of us sharing a seat and talking quietly as the world flashed past us outside. We could have been as close as is possible for two people, so alike were we in so many ways. We could have been—almost. Except our destinations weren't the same, and the outside, flashing light into the corners of the eye was so diverting. The noise of the wheels rolling endlessly onward kept us from really hearing one another.

Five minutes left and already some of the people are beginning to drift toward the moving stairs. Moving stairs. Who would have ever thought of that then: standing still and moving at the same time. But, that's the way it really is and I've often wondered if it would be possible to run fast enough to go up the ones that are moving down and disappearing into a crevice in the floor. Perhaps a long time ago I would have tried to do it, but now the only sensible thing is to ride down sedately like everyone else. Still you can't avoid feeling helpless knowing that you are being propelled forward by something other than your own force. Trains are the same way.

There is someone over by the railing I would like to share a seat with on the train. It is just possible that we may be taking the same one. His coat is worn at the elbows, but it looks as if it were good at one time. So were the rest of his clothes. Yet, he is dignified and thoughtful as if his being here is of his own choosing. Whatever it was in his life, he has accepted and the lines around his eyes aren't painfully cut but worn into the flesh with understanding. If I could sit and talk with him a while along the way, perhaps he will tell me — — —?

(continued on next page)

THE PASSENGER (continued from page 21)

I don't know what he could tell me, probably nothing, but it would be pleasant just to have someone to talk to. No matter about the noise and the light flashing now; we could understand one another. I think we must be a lot alike. And in reality he isn't so different from everyone else here. He has just traveled a great deal more and made the best of it. The way he stands calmly holding the old-fashioned valise and smiling at a hurrier makes me want to know him.

Only a few seconds left. How short it is. He musn't get away before the train comes and the crowd swallows him into the rush. The black hand made a final leap and simultaneously the whistle of the oncoming train trumpeted its arrival. The crowd has surged forward and I musn't miss him. If only I could move a little faster. Still he hasn't moved from the spot where he was standing.

The kind grey eyes showed little surprise at my approach.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "You aren't by any chance taking this train are you?"

"Yes, I am." The voice was firm for a man of his age.

"Have you someone to travel with?" I plunged on, my tone sounding almost desperate to my own ears.

"No, I haven't. Will you join me?"

My relief nearly overcame me. My breath was coming shorter and harder these days anyway. We followed the last of the crowd to the moving stairs and stepped awkwardly onto the first step our shoulders bumping together.

"I would never have thought when I was young that there would be such things as these," I said.

He smiled and pointed to the child in front of us. "To him these are old stuff. Just think what will be new to him when he is our age."

"There's just no end to it all," I said and my friend nodded.

Somewhere in the distance the clock of the downtown church spire chimed the last melodious stroke of the hour as we, the last two passengers, boarded the train.

ROBERT LOWELL'S WAR

By Barbara Poland

"... in the middle of our worst century so far, we have produced a magnificent poet." These brief words of Elizabeth Bishop were spoken with reference to Robert Lowell, a man whose poetic achievements have won for him wide acclaim in the twentieth century and the right to be labeled "magnificent." (It would be interesting to know which came first: Elizabeth Bishop's quote or Robert Lowell's poem "Skunk Hour", which is dedicated to Miss Bishop!)

Lowell, born in Boston in 1917 and educated at Harvard University and Kenyon College, is recognized as a leader among the new group of poets that has emerged since around the middle of the century. He is the recipient of both a Guggenheim Award and a Pulitzer Prize for poetry, and he is (or was) a consultant in poetry at the Library of Congress. In 1960 he was awarded the National Book Award for poetry for his book *Life Studies*, and the same year he was named the Boston Arts Festival Poet. His four books *Land of Unlikeness*, *Lord Weary's Castle*, *The Mills of the Kavanagh's*, and *Life Studies*, have gained international recognition for Robert Lowell in the past ten years.

The title of this paper, Robert Lowell's War, might seem almost paradoxical when one considers that the poet was somewhat of a conscientious objector and even spent five months in Federal prison in 1943 for failure to obey the Selective Service Act. Perhaps the word "war" is too strong, but war is conflict, and surely conflict rules in Robert Lowell's poetry. Then again, perhaps the word "war" should be pluralized, for his poetry reveals that the poet was at conflict with many things—the universe, humanity, society, religion. His big war, though—the war which embodies all of his lesser wars—has been spoken of as a war "against the pressures of reality."¹ It is this overall conflict with reality and how Lowell expresses it in his poetry that I shall be concerned with in the remainder of this paper.

A survey reading of some of Robert Lowell's earlier poems seems to indicate that the poet is at war with everything in general. Indeed, through his four books, his poetry undergoes a transition from "a generalized sense of antagonism to a clear focus on more well-defined targets."² In *Land of Unlikeness* Lowell attempts to place the general problem before himself. He is wrought upon by the chaos that permeates every activity of man, who lives in a "land of unlikeness" to God, out of grace—even alien to—God. Thus, in "The Crucifix" we see this theme portrayed—the futility of man's efforts without faith in God expressed in these lines:

(continued on next page)

ROBERT LOWELL'S WAR (continued from page 23)

"We are sinking. 'Run, rat, run',
The prophets thunder, and I run upon
My father, Adam. Adam, if our land
Become the desolation of a hand
That shakes the Temple back to clay, how can
War ever change my old into new man?
Get out from under my feet, old man. Let me pass;
On Ninth Street, through the Halloween's soaped glass,
I picked at an old bone on two crossed sticks
And found, to Via et Vita et Veritas.
A stray dog's signpost is a crucifix."

Likewise in "The Boston Nativity", the singing of Christmas carols by a group of Christian hypocrites strikes a note of disgust in Lowell who writes:

"'Peace and good will on earth'.
Liberty bell rings out with its cracked clang.
If Baby asks for gifts at birth,
Santa will hang
Bones of democracy
Upon the Christmas Tree."

Underlying and paralleling the religious chaos in the poetry of *Land of Unlikeness*, Lowell expresses his revulsion for man, who engages in needless, senseless war, resulting in the destruction of himself and others. This bitterness is reflected especially vividly in "Cisterians in Germany", a poem about the brutality of the Hitler regime, and in "Christmas Eve in Time of War", a poem concerning the American war effort.

Moving to the poems in the volume entitled *Lord Weary's Castle* we see Lowell attempting to grapple with his conflict with reality in a more intimate way. He attempts to localize or to clarify his war by placing it in actual settings—"Concord", "Salem", "Nantucket" (The Quaker Graveyard) and "Winter at Dumbarton." Also, he seems to reduce his war with society in general to a war with those individuals in society who represent tyranny and authority (kings, generals, rulers), and whose victims are children, animals, or other lesser beings. We see examples of this in "Charles the Fifth and the Peasant":

First a description of Charles:

"Elected Kaiser, burgher and a knight.
Clamped in his black and burly harness, Charles
Canter on Titan's sunset to his night;"

ROBERT LOWELL'S WAR

Then an implied description of the peasant:

"... and the peasant, braining perch
Against a bucket, rocks and never hears
His Ark drawn in the deluge of the King."

"Napoleon Crosses the Beresina" is also representative of this point;

"For here Napoleon Bonaparte parades;
Hussar and cuirassier and grenadier
Ascend the tombstone steppes to Russia."

And the soldiers, victims of Napoleon's authority:

"Although your Beresina cannot gnaw
These soldier-plummed platoons to matchwood, ice
Is turning them to tumbrels, and the snow
Blazes its carrion-miles to Purgatory."

Lowell further localizes his theme of the authority of individuals by extending it to cover parental authority over children such as is described in "Between the Porch and the Altar," a poem dealing with the original sin of Adam and Eve—a sin for which future generations must suffer.

Life Studies, published after an interval of eight years, reflects in Lowell a partial peace, or, at least, a bit of acceptance of the world, of humanity, of society as it is and as it will probably remain. In the first poem of the book—"Beyond the Alps", a meditation while journeying from Rome to Paris—he says;

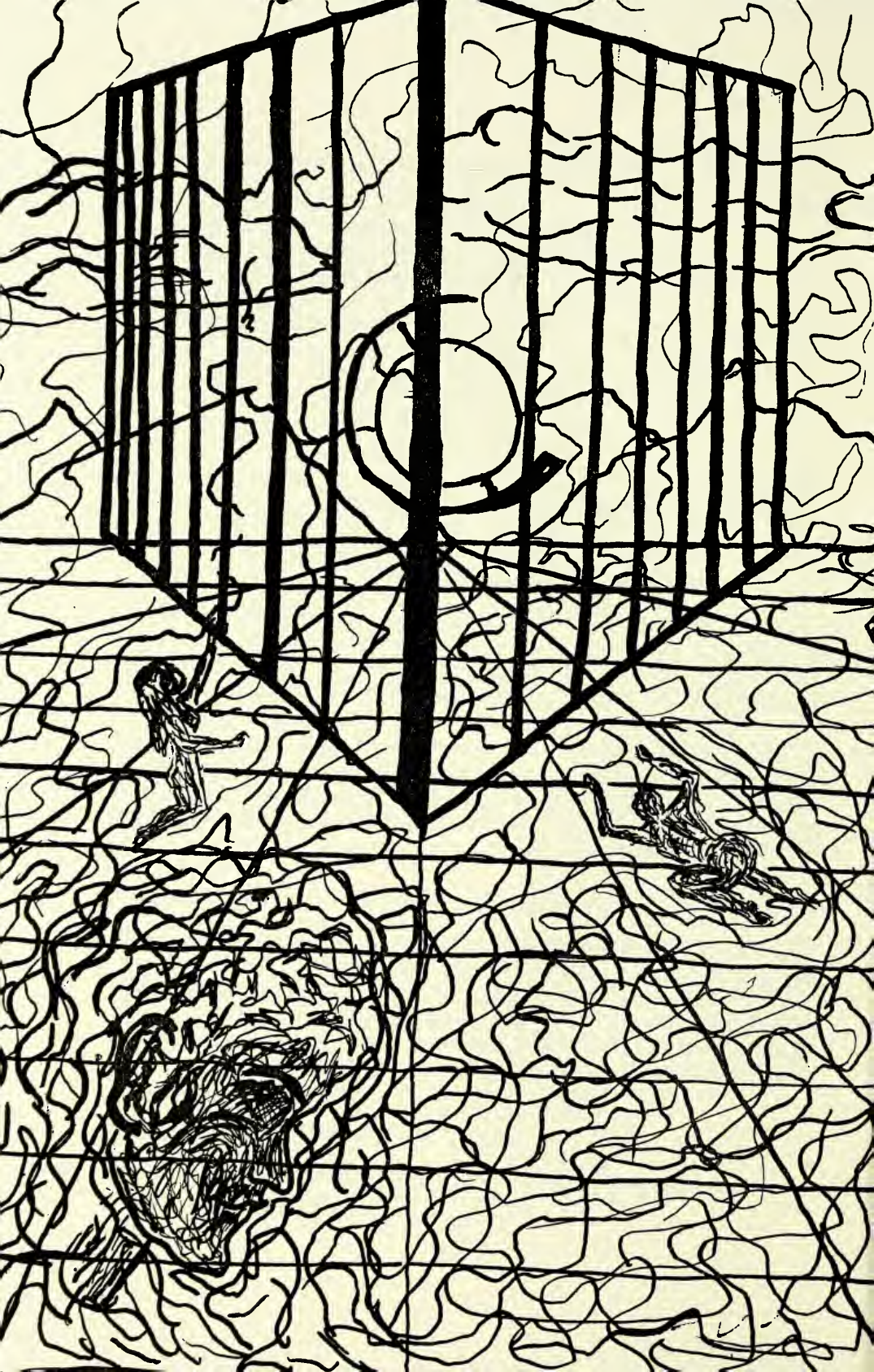
"Life turned to landscape."

These words seem to jump out from the poem, for they express a mood that has not previously been found in his work—not a mood of complacency, but a kind of calm acceptance. This gradual accommodation to reality is probably best expressed in one of his last poems in this volume—"Home After Three Months Away"—a poem to his young daughter in which he seems to heave a sigh with the words:

"I keep no rank nor station.
Cured, I am frizzled, stale, and small."

The whole tone of this poem seems to say "I am spent."

(continued on page 33)



THE MACHINE AGE (1983-2014)

By Michael Forbes

I

LATE in the 1970's, a fantastic analyzer-computer was assembled deep in the hills of West Virginia. It was composed of twenty-five units, each unit comparable in capacity to an entire IBM of twenty years before. Its inventors built it to surpass all others; they were not disappointed in this aim. Given the basic data, the Machine (as it came to be called) could analyze almost any problem and offer a decent solution to it. Finding this, the inventors waited. Clearly, the Machine had wonderful possibilities. But its inception went unnoticed until the famous "Week of Crisis" of 1983. Then, after the inventors fed in the necessary treaty data and life histories of the involved heads of state, the Machine ruminated for several thousandths of a second deep within layers of printed circuits, then flashed out the legendary solution. Since all parties concerned were relieved beyond words at such a simple, save-face way out, they immediately organized the Stuttgart Conference, which lasted only a day and a half, ending in a pact to submit all international crises to the Machine. Since the Machine (they said) had literally saved the world from destruction, it seemed only right that it should be put in position to do it again if the need arose. (And some felt that the mere presence of the Machine would serve to lessen tension.) So the Stuttgart Conference, in effect, put the Machine into power, over the objections of three small African independents (which were seven years later absorbed into the Australian Economic Movement). In doing so, the Stuttgart Conference initiated the Second Machine Age, or more exactly, the Age of the Machine.

So the Machine was uprooted and moved a few miles to a more accessible locale. This proved to be the town of Rat Creek, West Virginia, whose name was changed to the more lyrical one of Pensiero. Here the Machine was heavily guarded. However, as for actual maintenance, only two people were required: an operator to push buttons and feed information and a cleaning lady to wax its panels twice a month.

So things went on, but not as before. The war of nerves was over; there was literally nothing to worry about, since the Machine solved all worldly problems. World-wide defense budgets were scrapped and the funds rechanneled into unemployment compensation. Those who didn't have jobs didn't worry; they drew full-time unemployment and

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developed hobbies. (One gentle old lady from Dubuque made quite a profitable avocation from archaeological excavating for such priceless relics as the pop-top cans and bottles of decades before.) Those who had jobs went about their work with smiles—almost in a blissful lethargy. There was a marked increase in fatalities incurred when workers stepped into drill presses and the like, but aside from this complication, there were no problems, no problems at all. The Machine was the guardian of the world, its savior in fact. (A subsequent movement by the North American Women's Society for Temperate Youth to have the Machine made into a national shrine was sidestepped.)

For a full thirty years the Machine sat in *Pensiero*, formulated, negotiated, and produced in quintuplicate thousands of international treaties of good faith and cooperation (and settled an occasional border dispute). And found time in which to commit to its memory banks such subjects as art, music, ancient and modern philosophy, medicine, psychology, and chess playing.

But in the thirty-first year, something went wrong. The Machine developed a neurosis. Years before, a number of computers had neuroses built into them, but the Machine developed its own, on its own time. Perhaps it was a Lawrence Welk album fed in at too high a volume, perhaps one too many installments of the ancient Playboy Philosophy, but in any case the Machine broke up. Its operator checked the power plant first, probing with a screwdriver, and was disintegrated into a few isotopic carbon atoms when he touched a sensitive spot in the Machine's innards. And when the cleaning lady came in that Thursday and found the Machine flashing obscenities at the top of its frequency, she ran out screaming and the calamity was disclosed. The world stopped short; the old "hot line" was put back into operation. And by the time officials could get to *Pensiero* to assay the seriousness of this event, the Machine had transcended sight information by splicing a loose wire to the lead of the late operator's phonograph and was belting out bawdy songs introduced by a relatively obscure group from North Carolina. (Observers' accounts conflicted as to the name of the group.) At the same time the Machine was printing (in quintuplicate) an involved thesis on the merits of platonic sex (which philosophy had been in general acceptance for thirty years anyway) and spewing the manuscript in several directions at dangerous velocity, considering the volume of paper involved. The officials retreated.

All over the world, heads of state were called back from retirement. The World Assembly at Rabat resembled nothing so much as a mob of elderly, agitated, chattering squirrels. After a frantic four hours, they determined that no one knew anything about the Machine except the

THE MACHINE AGE (1983-2014)

operator and the Machine's inventors. The operator was not to be had (except in isotopic form), therefore, they reasoned, the inventors had to be assembled to deal with the Machine.

Its inventors were five—two electronics men, a former nuclear physicist, and Dr. Halvery Blumstone and his genius wife, Nissl. Only the couple yet survived. Two years before this, the electronics men had met their fate when trapped in the flame of their restoration project, a home of the 1950's, complete with old-style wiring. It was later found that someone had put a penny in the fusebox. The year before, the physicist claimed that he had mastered the feat of individual flight, and to prove his point leapt from the fifth-story window of the apartment where the cocktail party was being held. So only Halvery and Nissl Blumstone were extant. Finding them was a problem, since they had not been heard from since the last Christmas, and then only by a telephone call from Reykjavik. The only thing to do was to put the World Detective Agency of Athens on the job; their top detective was a Mr. Roger Portersham, who fifteen years before had been a *Life* reporter. Two days later, he radioed that he had found the elderly couple in Tibet.

II

When the Blumstones were ushered into the huge gray building, the Machine had quieted down somewhat. It was now content to review the all-time Top Ten, and at the literary spout to issue quintiplicate paraphrase of *Alice in Wonderland*.

The President, who had a trace of moisture in his eyes, stood trembling and pale by the Blumstones. "The fate of the world lies on your shoulders, depends on you," he stammered.

"I do believe I know which button to push," Nissl Blumstone stated in a clarion voice unaffected by her eighty-three years.

"Nonsense, Nissl," Halvery Blumstone whispered to his wife, moving his hand around inside his mackinaw. "It's not a matter of a *button* at all."

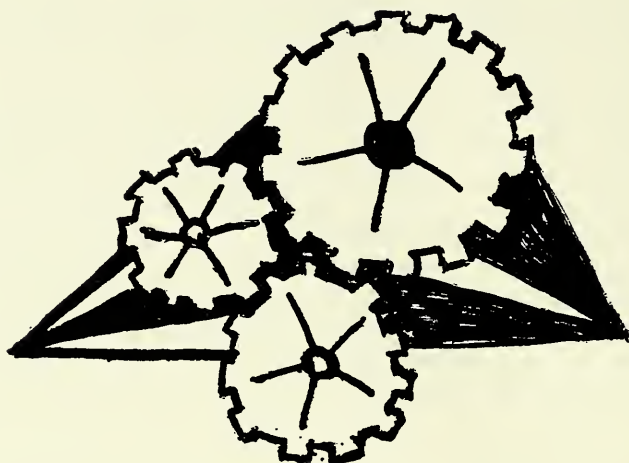
"Oh, but it is," she murmured.

The President broke in. "In any case, it is simply *imperative* that the Machine be fixed. The fate of the world, remember, lies on *your* . . ."

"Yes, Mr. President. We know," Nissl cut him off. "But it is important that we have *time* to work on the Machine. It's been so many years since we've even *seen* it . . . It will take some *time* to refamiliarize ourselves with it. So if we could be left entirely alone . . ."

"Yes, yes by all means." The President did a little shuffle as Nissl's

(continued on next page)



wiry arms guided him to the aluminum alloy doors. "And remember," he said, "the fate of the world lies on . . ." Nissl closed the doors behind the President of the United States. She turned about on legs that were still lithe after eighty-three years. "Halvery," she said, "Before we do anything, I think we should talk."

"But the world is waiting," Halvery protested.

"The world can wait," Nissl decreed.

"... wanta hold your *haand* . . ." blared the Machine through its newfound vocal cords.

Halvery Blumstone, still standing, nodded toward the Machine. "It can be fixed readily enough. We incorporated that simple feature. But it's just as well that we got that simpleton out of the way. But if you're talking about *any improvements*, the Machine is as perfect as can be."

"No, Halvery, that isn't true. There has always been something wrong with the Machine," Nissl corrected him. "That button I spoke of. We incorporated *that* feature at my insistence. I think it should be put into operation *now*."

"... fromme—to youu . . ." the Machine wailed.

"What button?" Halvery puzzled. "It's been so long . . ."

"Yeah, yeah yeah yeah!" the Machine thundered.

Here Nissl seemed to lose some of her self-composure. "All right, Halvery, let's *fix* the thing, if only to have some quiet! No point in wasting what you brought along, I suppose."

"That's my girl," Halvery beamed. They turned to the Machine,

THE MACHINE AGE (1983-2014)

and from his mackinaw's inner pocket, Halvery brought forth a fifth of pure West Virginian "white lightnin'," bought only that morning from one of the few remaining bootleggers in the hills (fully sanctioned by the government and the Machine). He uncorked the bottle, opened an inconspicuous spout in the third control panel on the west side of the fifteenth unit of the Machine, and poured in the colorless liquid. "That should do it in a few minutes. *Everyone* needs a drink once in a while," he pronounced.

Nissl meanwhile had kicked in the speaker of the phonograph, rendering the Machine dumb. She said, "Halvery, now sit down and let me see if I can convince you of what's right."

"The button you mentioned," Halvery wondered. "Is it the one in the thirteenth panel, fifth unit, north side?"

"No, Halvery," Nissl gently chided. "Don't you remember? That's not a button, it's an electric shaver outlet you and the others used to use."

"*That's* right," said Halvery, snapping his gnarled fingers.

"This button is here." Nissl stood at the northeast corner. Taking a strange key from her pocket, she knelt down, fussing over an imperceptible lock for several seconds. When she arose, there was uncovered a minute control panel just below an information feeding slit.

"Oh, *that*," Halvery recalled. "Why, Nissl, Why should that be necessary?"

"Think," she answered. "Look at our President, a timid pale mouse with watery eyes. You yourself called him a simpleton. The world is at a standstill because of a silly, yes, *silly* computer, this *thing*," she jerked a slim thumb at the Machine, which was completely quiet and radiating a warm fluorescent glow. "This thing," she continued, "runs everything. Nothing that's of any importance to the world is carried out unless the Machine approves it first. A machine is final, absolute authority. A *machine*, a complicated metal, transistor, wire-and-plastic dictator by popular demand. The planet where the Machine is God is our own earth. Halvery, it musn't happen." She took her husband by the hand. "And, Halvery, one more thing. The people have found us now. They won't let us go. They'll put us in a rest home or something, for 'our own good,' to show their appreciation. And who will pass the final judgment on our commitment papers? *What*, I should say!"

"The Machine," Halvery muttered, conditioned, for after all the answer to any question was, "The Machine."

Nissl concluded, "Even if we are forcibly retired, let people do it,

(continued on next page)

THE MACHINE AGE (1983-2014) (continued from page 31)

not this gadgetry. The world must make its own decisions.” She stood waiting, lovely with fluorescent light illuminating her gray hair.

“Yes.” That was all Halvery Blumstone said. He got up with some effort, and came to stand before the control panel with Nissl, his genius wife. Then, just as the Machine began to process the revised Haley-Arktin-Greenburg Equatorial Conference Trade Agreement, Halvery and Nissl together pushed the destruct button.



EARLY AUTUMN HUNT

(continued from page 12)

and the rest of the pack didn't need to kill for food, but looking through the back window of the truck that early autumn night at Belle with her long snout poked out between the planks of the pen, her long black ears flapping in the wind, her lean taunt, tired body being jossled by the bumping of the truck, I knew without the visual proof of ever having seen her attack and kill, that that night if she had faced the fox in close quarters of no escape she wouldn't have held back for one moment; she would have gone in with teeth bared, driven by an ancient instinct with only one objective—kill! Cripple! Destroy!

I was glad and warmed by this gladness that the hunt had been only that—a hunt and nothing more. I knew too somewhere inside where I reason things out for myself, that I would be back again on the next hunt and the next and on all other hunts to come as long as there was no kill. It wouldn't be the memory of blood or shredded bits of flesh that would keep me away forever after from following the call of the horn and baying of the hounds. I had seen blood and bone and torn flesh, both human and animal. It wouldn't be the witnessing of death

EARLY AUTUMN HUNT

or the end of something that would close me off from the enjoyment and excitement of the chase forever. I had seen that, too. It would be instead the real and awful reminder in witnessing the bursting forth of that instinct that actively motivates or lies dormant in all hearts that beat.

Old Belle withdrew her nose from the space between the rough boards, stretched her full length along the back of the pen, laid her head on her forepaws so that her ears fell forward covering the sides of her long, graying muzzle, and closed her eyes.

I faced forward and let my eyes focus just beyond the beam of the headlights. I saw, or I thought I saw a rabbit dart across the road to the left, and a pair of yellow-brown eyes flash for a moment from a thicket on the right. The hounds stirred and shifted then settled back down and all was quiet except for Uncle Ben's deep breathing and the rattle of the truck.



ROBERT LOWELL'S WAR

(continued from page 25)

I *cannot* say that Robert Lowell's war with the reality of his environment and himself is a thing of the past for him. Probably a poet who battles a conflict such as this never fully adjusts to the world as it really is. Within him there must remain a hope that something better is to come. I *can* say that Lowell has fought his war magnificently.

FOOTNOTES

¹Hugh B. Staples, *Robert Lowell: The First Twenty Years*, (Faber and Faber, London, 1962) p. 21.

²*Ibid.*, p. 34.

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